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increase and foster ties of affection because law sinks into being merely thank him—though true a fortnight to tween the two peoples."

Sentiment of British People.

These words express the sentiment of the Mills government in the following words:

"On the occasion of the celebrations of the Countries of the foundation of the first English at Jamestown and the birth of the American continent at Jamestown and the birth of the American nation, His Majesty's government which have brought the United States government on the magnificent progress and their own would desire to congratulations to the United States government on the magnificent progress and their own would ask: Could the American nations of the first rank among the greatest nations of the words, no only in material prosperity, but also a culture and peaceful civilization. The connection which must ever exist in history between the British People.

The sentiment of British People.

These words express the sentiment of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and ceases to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and cease to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and cease to be the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and cease to be the will of the will of the will of the will of an arbitrary ruler or a selfish class, and cease to be the will

# Tercentenary

By B. C. MOOMAW.

(Written for the Tercentenary Celebration at Jamestown, May 13, 1907.)

Where peril lured, or glory beckened on, There wanted not the following of the brave, To venture, dauntless, where a world is won, Or else the grand old ocean for a grave. But vain the angry sea if heaven ordain Her chosen ones to pass the tossing main.

Ye winds and waves that wanton o'er the deep, O'er all the mighty waste from shore to shore, Wild winds, and wild, relentless waves that keep With feeble man no covenant of yore, Yet are ye leashed to bring that wandering band With sure prevision to the virgin land.

Thus to the generous haven of these shores; Seed of a mighty nation yet to be; Anointed hands to fling eternal doors Wide for the marching hosts of liberty For lol the land o'er which their flag unfurled Filled all the West and rounded out the world.

And yet, unconscious of the splendid part To them assigned by destiny or fate, Alone who turneth yet the human heart Made them the founders of a mighty State, Destined forever and a day to be The final refuge of humanity.

Yea, more than refuge, for behold the rise Of human progress glorifies the hour, And lo! we see beneath our western skies That birth anew to knowledge and to power Sung by the bards who, since the world began, Proclaimed the coming majesty of man.

A vivid light illumes the tragic page,-A hero rises to eternal fame,-A strong, true man, and every coming age Shall add its praise to his immortal name. And still another scarcely less inspires The rhythmic ardor of poetic lyres.

Wild flower of the primal wood, thou famed, Gentle Diana of the forest glen, Like the sweet fragrance of the rose that flamed Upon the helmets of heroic men, So shall thy name descend to future days, And so our reverent hearts proclaim thy praise.

Thus sheltered by the Arbiter on high, Who for each noble task appoints the day, They fought their fight and laid their armor by, They lived their fleeting lives, and passed away; And yet behold their mission in the earth, To bring the ages to a nobler birth,

For, mark ye well, no continent awaits
Behind yet other seas where we may flee
Should the conspiracy of evil fates
Destroy the temple of our liberty. No more forever may the world's oppressed Find refuge in some undiscovered west.

Here must we stand and resolutely face The final wage of battle for mankind, Solve every problem, justify the race,
And leave the record of its woes behind;
Meet foul corruption with a noble rage,
And usher in at length the Golden Age.

The cycles of the long, pathetic past Present their solemn sequel at our door, . And in our pregnant times behold at last The summing up of all the world before; Ring out the call for stalwart men to stand The mighty pillars of our native land.

Oh! Comrades all, nor North, nor South, nor West, Nor pent-up soul, nor narrow partisan, But patriots all, the noblest and the best-A host, victorious, marching in the van Of human hope,-Americans, arise, Create at length the western paradise!

XIII.

Three hundred years? 'Tis but our rising morn! A joy sublime exalts the radiant West; Seems but an hour since a world was born, An infant world upon her ample breast: Let Heaven witness a thousand years arise And beckon us to mightier destinies.

XIV.

Wide as the virgin world, and high as heaven, Our hopes expand, our aspirations rise, Nor pause nor rest until to us is given The glorious measure of our destinies,-To stand supreme and peerless in the world Until the banners of the stars are furled.

increase and foster ties of affection because law sinks into being merely between the two peoples."

